some time, they turned to go and I seemed tc
see that there was Dr. Sundari Mohan Das's son
Premananda also with them. He seemed to
appear to me like the Salvation Army soldiers,
dressed in the manner of the people amongst
whom they worked and so had clothed himself
in Malabar fashion, with a Dhoti wrapped round
his loin, like a 'lungi*; without the tail end or
the "Kachcha" as is the custom with the
Bengalees. When they approached the main
gate, they found it bolted against them and did
not know what to do; my brother (?) seemed
to suggest that as they were not made of our
ordinary earthly mould, what earthly barrier
could dare keep them confined within its narrow
limits, if they should choose to free themselves.
But Premananda (?) stopped him, as he thought
that it would not be strictly in accordance with
rule, if they made good their disappearance
openly in broad day-light, before so many
people, and thereby disclosed all the secret
mystery, under cover of which it became pos-
sible for them to appear and

disappear as they liked. Accordingly he managed to call aloud for a warder by name, as if from his sub-conscious plane, like one in a state of trance,